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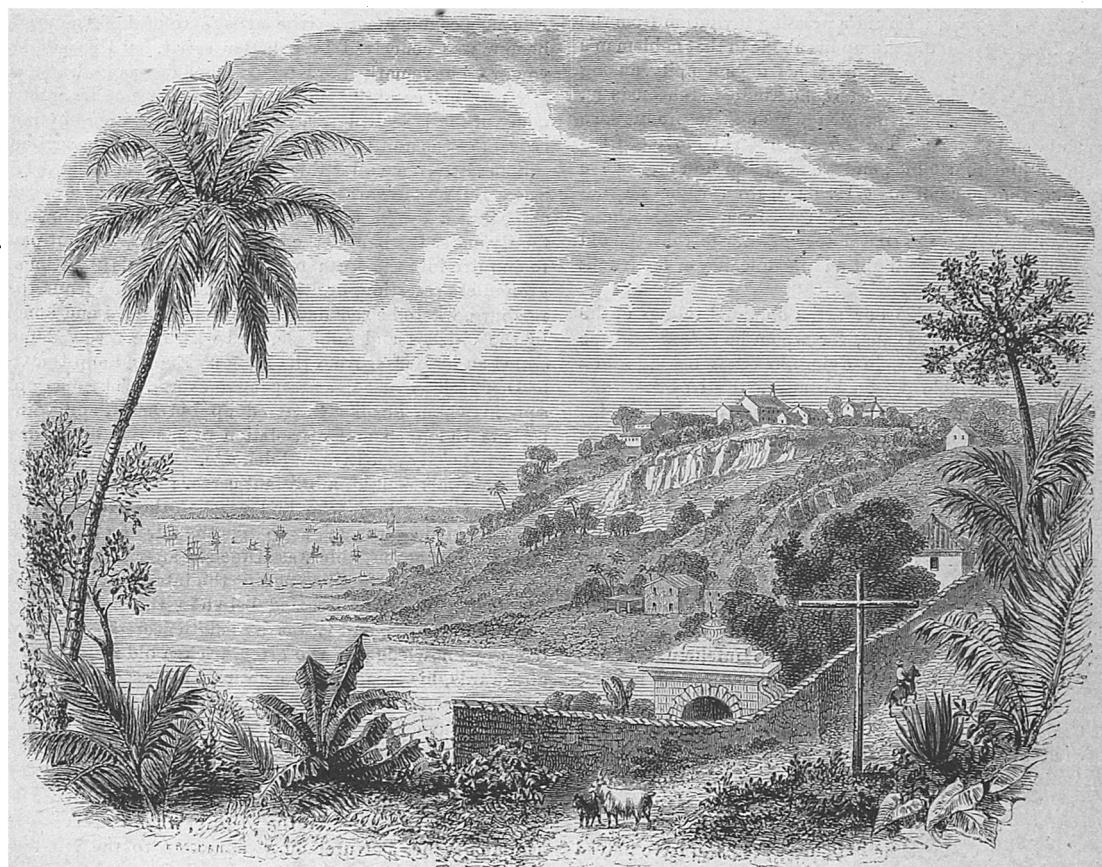
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change, a vast building, finished in 1816 ; the magnificent mosaic floor of which displays the richest collection of indigenous woods known in South America. Among the innumerable religious edifices we must, at least, mention the great Convent of San Francisco, founded in 1594 ; then San Bento, erected thirteen years previously ; Los Carmos ; San Pedro ; the monasteries, Das Merces, Do Desterro, Da Soledad, the residence of the Ursuline nuns. We remark upon the little church of Da Graça, from the fact that it contains the tomb of Paraguassou, and notice the Nossa Senhora da Victoria because the date of 1552 shows it to be the most ancient of these religious structures. Among the many edifices belonging to different ages and various institutions, we must do honour to the attention to preservation paid by the last magistrates charged with the municipal administration. Nevertheless, it is a sketch of a ruined chapel which we offer to our readers (p. 324) as a speci-

men of the architecture of the eighteenth century, an age in which so many churches were erected in Brazil. On the road leading to the delightful district called Bom-Fim may still be seen the chapel of San Gonçalo. Scarcely a century has passed since the last stones were set in its façade ; agaves, palms, bananas, and even cocoa-trees, now grow in disorder around it, and completely block up its entrance. Thousands of other plants spring luxuriantly from the fissures in its walls and hasten its destruction. No pains have, however, been taken to retard its decay, which might have been easily avoided ; for this chapel, constructed in 1763 by the Jesuits, in a beautiful situation, had only been completed six years before the destruction of the powerful order to which it belonged. Its decay soon commenced, and at the beginning of this century Lendley described its picturesque ruin as one of the most interesting objects in the neighbourhood of Bahia.



THE HARBOUR OF BAHIA.

A ROMANCE OF ARTIST LIFE.

From Smith's "Lights and Shadows of Artist Life."

JEAN KUPETZKI was the son of poor parents, living at Porsine, on the borders of Hungary, and earning their livelihood by weaving. Jean was brought up to his father's business, to which he had an invincible dislike, and accordingly ran away from home at fifteen. Begging his way from door to door, chance conducted him to the mansion of the Count de Czobor, with whom a painter of Lucerne, named Claus, was at that time staying. The little vagrant observed the works of this artist with the deepest attention, and, impelled by a desire to produce something similar, he traced with a piece of charcoal on the wall some ornamental designs with so much spirit and precision, that the painter and his patron were equally surprised. Nor was their astonishment lessened

when, in a reply to a question from the count, young Kupetzki assured the noble querist that he had never received a single lesson in drawing from a master, and that he was indebted to an internal impulse alone for the skill which he had displayed. The count generously resolved to befriend the boy, and placed him under the tuition of Claus, defraying beforehand, from his own purse, the charges for his *protégé's* maintenance and instruction.

Kupetzki returned to Vienna with his new master, and continued to study under him for three years, after which, believing that the time had arrived when he should imp his own wings for flight, he set out for Venice. But neither in the Queen of the Adriatic nor in Rome could the unfriended painter obtain any employment for his pencil ; and, once more reduced to solicit alms, he entered a public-house for that purpose, where his deplorable condition attracted the notice of a Swiss painter, who procured for the wandering mendicant an

engagement with a brother artist, whose *mot d'ordre*, like that of Giordano's father, was *Fa presto!* and Kupetzki obeyed the injunction to the letter, for we are told that he dashed off in one day nine copies of a given subject. But just as he was acquiring both money and reputation, he was stretched upon a bed of sickness, from which he narrowly escaped with his life. In the mean time his productions reached the public through the hands of a crafty picture-dealer, who obtained high prices for them, but sedulously concealed the artist's name. Prince Stanislaus Sobieski, at that time on a visit to Rome, was a warm admirer and liberal purchaser of Kupetzki's works, but could not succeed in discovering from whose pencil they emanated; until the accidental sight of a picture which the artist had gratefully presented to his medical attendant, and which he, in his turn, had presented to the Austrian ambassador, disclosed the secret to his prince, and brought him into contact with the painter. Kupetzki's fame soon spread; commissions flowed in upon him, and the son of the poor weaver, on his return to Vienna, received a pressing invitation from the Prince de Lichtenstein, to take up his abode in that nobleman's palace, where the artist might pass his days happily among the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the great masters and kindle his enthusiasm, when it flagged, by the inspiration which their productions were calculated to excite. This offer, Kupetzki's love of freedom induced him to decline; and we next find him on the eve of revisiting the home of his early days, from which he had departed a fugitive, when he received intelligence of his father's death, accompanied by the consolatory assurance that the old man had forgiven both the flight and mendicancy of his truant son.

About the same time also our artist obtained tidings of the death of his first master Claus, for whom he entertained the affection of a son, and who, in dying, had left behind him a daughter of considerable personal beauty. Full of gratitude for the benefits he had received at the hands of his old instructor, and not untouched, it is easy to believe, by the charms of the orphan girl, Kupetzki wooed and won her; and if the troubles of his early life were great, those which resulted from his union were greater. His wife possessed, as we have said, great personal attractions, was not unaware of her beauty, and loved admiration; while the husband, loving her "not wisely, but too well," did not escape the curse of jealousy. Nor were these the only sources of disunion. He was prudent and industrious, she thoughtless and prodigal; he was a zealous Lutheran, she a rigid Catholic; and the infelicities of his married life weighed heavily upon a mind naturally sensitive, and easily thrown off its balance. While the Czar Peter was at Carlsbad, Kupetzki was sent for thither by the autocrat, who invited him to return with him to St. Petersburg; but this invitation our artist declined, and after a professional visit to Leipsic, returned to Vienna, where he found his wife had given birth to a son.

A transitory ray of domestic happiness seems to have played upon the painter's home, only to be succeeded by a heavier shadow than had yet fallen upon it. He discovered the existence of an intrigue between his wife and the resident envoy of a foreign court, with whom he had lived on terms of the closest intimacy. With the New Testament in her hand, she recommended her infant son to the pious and affectionate teaching of his father, thanked him for having opened her eyes to the errors of her own creed, and prayed him to instruct her in the fundamental principles of his. Poor Kupetzki was not proof

against the fluent tears and the well-feigned repentance of his erring wife. He forgave her all that had passed, and again received her into his confidence and affection.

There was strength as well as weakness in the nature of our painter. When it was announced to him that the Emperor of Austria had conferred upon him the appointment of Premier Painter to his Majesty, and had left to the artist the nomination of his own conditions, Kupetzki's reply to the nobleman who communicated the gracious message to him, was couched in these words:—"Tell his Majesty that I humbly thank him for the honour he has done me, but that I crave permission to decline it. I have firmly resolved to be dependent on no man, and the only favour I require at the hands of the Emperor is permission and protection, for my wife and family, in the worship of God according to the dictates of our own consciences." The reply was faithfully delivered to the Emperor, who merely rejoined, with bitter brevity, "Kupetzki is a clever artist, but—a fool." Prince Eugene's commentary on the artist's refusal of the proffered honour was conceived in a better spirit. "Unassuming as you are," he remarked to Kupetzki, one day as he watched the artist at his easel, "I find that you are a happier man than many of the so-called great, who, in a life agitated by inquietudes, are constantly exposed to the attacks of the envious."

Some little time after this incident, a brother artist, who was also a Lutheran, warned Kupetzki, under the guise of friendship, that a design was entertained of bringing himself and family under the ban of the Inquisition; and, without pausing to inquire into the truth or falsehood of this malicious and groundless assertion, our timid artist fled from Vienna to Nuremberg, where he remained some time, courted and honoured by the citizens and noblesse, and where he received and declined an invitation from the King of England and the Queen of Denmark to visit their respective courts. The death of his son, in whom he had garnered up his heart, and who had become the hope and consolation of his life, broke down a spirit naturally sensitive and delicate. He had anticipated for this—his only—child, a brilliant career; and the accomplishments of the youth, who had reached the age of seventeen when he died, were such as to give the fairest promise for the future. So inconsolable was Kupetzki after this "distressful stroke," that he refused to permit the interment of the corpse, nourishing a sort of frenzied belief in the possibility of its restoration to life, and it was at length secretly buried, without the knowledge of the grief-stricken old man. For long afterwards, his mind was so entirely possessed with an overwhelming sense of the bereavement he had sustained, that he was accustomed to see visions, in one of which his distempered fancy beheld his son seated in heaven and crowned with an aureole. It soothed his sorrow and tranquillised his mind to transfer this vision to canvas, which he did with his accustomed skill, and presented the picture, when completed, to the Hotel de Ville, at Nuremberg, annexing to the gift but one condition, that if ever they parted with the work, the sum for which it might be sold should be distributed among the poor of the city.

Borne down with sorrow, and afflicted by the indiscretions of his wife, Kupetzki dragged on a painful existence, for a further term of seven years after the loss of his son, until death delivered him, in 1740, from much mental suffering, and from a complication of disorders, which he supported, says his pupil and biographer, with the patient fortitude of a true Christian.

London

In our last number we gave some slight description of Paris as it was, as it is, as it may be—may the last be long delayed, if it comes at all. From Paris to London is a mere step in days of steam-boat navigation. A fast and splendid vessel has recently been built, which makes the trip in a few hours; so going on board at the quay near the Louvre, we were wafted away, down the Seine, over the channel, up the Thames to

Bridge

London Bridge. Of London Bridge we give an engraving, and present some slight account; for not only in the old country, but in our own Republic, this bridge is full of historical associations, as having been the scene of great and stirring events in the past.

London—and under this term many villages, and in fact the city of Westminster, are now included—has six good bridges.